WOMAN'S MODISH COATS.

Fashions Are So Varied That Everybody Can Be Suited.

Black Velvet Regaining Its Old-Time Prestige—Deep Collars of Embroidery and Lace—Long Boas—The Lovely New Separate Waists.

All-velvet costumes have come back to us from the past with all the added elegance of modern taste and grace of outline. They appear in black, green, blue, and brown, and following in their wake is the corduroy velveteen gown in the same colors. This is indeed a very stylish material, especially when the gown is made simply with a belted blouse coat and plain skirt.

Very stunning walking suits are made of velveteen, with the short skirt and the blouse coat waist, which can be lined with a new wash leather to give it warmth. Almost invariably there is some strong contrast in the scheme of fashion, and it is shown this season with the rich velvets, satin-faced cloths, and the hairy zibelines so much worn for gowns, hats and coats. For variety in length and style nothing can exceed the coats, as they are of every possible length between the hem of the skirt and the waist line.

Corduroy velvets are made up very effectively into long and three-quarter coats, but more attractive than all others are the pale-tinted cloth coats. White, pale yellow, blue, pink, and biscuit color are the prevailing tints, than which nothing can be more dainty and attractive.

Of course there are evening cloaks of white panne, and light silks of various colors, but the cloths are so soft and velvety in appearance that they quite eclipse the other materials. They are made as simply or as elaborately as you can wish, with guipure lace and chiffon plattings, which give you as dressy an evening coat as if the material were finest silk.

Very lovely are some of the light cloth coats made with no lace or chiffon, the only decoration being on the collar and down either side of the revers fronts, which open or close as you wish. The lining is usually white satin or silk, with embroidery, in which there is some color.

Cloaks of the loose paletot style with very large sleeves, worn fifty years ago, are revived again; in fact, there is no dominant style of cloak this season. It is anything and everything that is best suited to your especial style.

Deep cape collars of lace are a special feature of outdoor garments, the heavy laces, like Venetian, Irish crochet and guipure, being the favorites. Ecru lace, threaded here and there with black chenille, outlining a portion of the pattern, is an effective collar in a cafe au lait cloth coat shown in the large cut, and the edges are finished with a black ostrich trimming.

The modified kimono shape is carried out very attractively in the light cloths, and then there is the San Toy coat, with very wide revers and collar of Oriental embroidery on white satin, which lines the whole garment. Rows of stitching finish the edge.

The Russian blouse and the Norfolk jacket are both in favor, the latter especially so for the short-skirted costume, and then there are close-fitting coats, with short basques, rounding from the front over a fancy vest of embroidered cloth or velvet.

The Norfolk jackets are box-plaited, the plaits extending below the belt to form the short basque, and their especial feature this season is the Brandenburg decoration of heavy silk braid down the front. Heavy silk braids are very much used, and in a great variety of ways, especially in all the shaggy, hairy fabrics on which any more delicate trimming would be lost. Silk galloon sewn in velvet in short diagonal lines, which meet in the centre, makes a pretty vest in one jaunty little coat.

The long boas add very much to the effect of the long coats which are not very elaborately trimmed and the word long as applied to boas this season means fully four yards.

Fashion has a reputation for vacillating tendencies, which she does not always deserve, since she sometimes clings to a mode for years without any sign of shifting.

To the separate waist, for example, she has been loyal beyond all precedent, and still another season has opened with no evidence that this item of dress is to be discarded. In fact, it is growing in grace and beauty, developing greater possibilities all the time, and is now more aristocratic in style and materials than ever before.

Embroidery is a great feature of the waist trimming, and it is applied to the material itself and to bands, which are very effective on almost any color, provided the foundation is white. An embroidered band edged with rows of stitching or one row of black velvet ribbon is a nice finish.

A mode of trimming which is very much used this season is done with round pieces of silk like the waist, prettily embroidered with an opening across a little below the centre of each circle. Velvet ribbon or stitched bands may be threaded through these slits and used in various ways for finishing edges or striping a bodice up and down.

Of course, the embroidered pieces are arranged several inches apart, and quite flat.

This dinner or theatre dress is made of pink China crepe of a very soft shade. The shoulders are encircled with a fichu of the same material embroidered with steel and "clair de lune" spangles. The straight-cut waistcoat is of guipure, with a frill of Valenciennes lace falling down each side. The corselet waistband is of black panne, and the skirt forms a tunic edged with guipure and ornamented with spangled designs in the style of the corsage.

Decline of the Housewife.

Madam Henri Schmahl is an English woman by birth, who, since her marriage to a Frenchman, has devoted all her time and energies to the furtherance of woman's rights generally in France.

Figuratively speaking, she makes an onslaught upon the lower man. The "housewife" is becoming extinct. Such is her bold statement. Still more daringly she adds, "So much the better." In her opinion the modern woman is losing both taste and capacity for looking after the house. The woman of the future may consequently be expected to rid herself entirely of the "hausfrau's" instincts. She will no longer take the slightest interest in supervising the cook, being utterly unqualified to do so, while it stands to reason that she will have nothing whatever to do herself with her husband's dinner, except to partake of it.

Madam Schmahl, says the "London Standard," foresees a further, and, in her opinion, a still more beneficent consequence. When the "hausfrau" dies out, the cook will vanish from the household, and with her the kitchen and all its odors will be abolished. Madam Schmahl does not go so far, however, as to suggest that the eating of dinners should be done away with as well, and that nitrogenous tabloids are to take the place of varied menus. Her vision of the future merely forecasts the day when all food and drink will be supplied by universal providers. Breakfast, lunch, tea, dinner, and supper, when required, will be sent into every household from the nearest restaurant by contract at so much per head per annum.

Some Queens.

Queen Alexandra is an excellent horsewoman, and in former days followed the hounds, riding always on the "off" side of her horse. She is also a first-rate fisher, as are her daughters, the Duchess of Fife and Princess Victoria. The Duchess of Fife proves a genuine expert, and especially clever at making her own flies. The Comtesse de Paris, who, although French, has lived much in England, is devoted to shooting, and a renowned shot both with partridges and pheasants. Many foreign royalties love sport, and are proficient at it. The Queen of Portugal is a celebrated markswoman, very daring, with great presence of mind, and has received more than one medal for saving life. The Queen of Italy and the Grand Duchess of Hesse are first-rate shots, with a revolver as well as with a gun.—From M. A. P.

This cut represents a very stylish dress for a dinner or for the theatre. The corsage is made of black Chantilly lace over a ground of white muslin, and encrusted with ecru guipure. The waistcoat, which is of frilled mousseline de sole, is striped with bands of black velvet. The centre of the back is of black panne, on which are encrusted designs of ecru guipure. The waistband and train are also of black panne, edged down each side with applications of guipure. The front of the apron is in the same style as the corsage, made of Chantilly lace, encrusted with guipure and crossed by bands of velvet.

ROYAL AMATEURS.

Many Women of European Courts Are Accomplished Musicians.

Amateur musicians have always played, and still play, a most important part in the history of music. They have the power to improve the standard of musical taste, or to lower it. Though we seldom find a musical genius among them, yet there are many who have risen above mediocrity in musical matters.

An English writer in "The Tattler" gives an interesting description of the musicians of the royal family and other titled people, as follows:

Our late Queen was not only an excellent pianist, but sang in a most sympathetic manner, and was always the first to encourage the study of musical art in its highest branches. There would have been no Royal College of Music but for the indefatigable energy of King Edward. Queen Alexandra is a musical enthusiast; she plays the pianoforte exceeding well, and is a Mus.Doc. of Dublin University.

Princess Henry of Battenberg is also an admirable pianist. Her technique is perfect, and she is an excellent sight reader. She has also appeared before the public as a composer. I remember a most charming song of hers, called "The Sunny Month of May," which was exceedingly popular at one time.

Miss Minnie Cochrane, who has always been closely associated with the royal family, is another excellent pianist. I have heard of many musical mornings at Windsor Castle, when Miss Cochrane and Miss Janotha used to play duets and trios on two and three pianos with Princess Henry of Battenberg. On those occasions the present Queen would sometimes act as conductor.

It was their special delight to read new compositions at sight. Brahms was a great favorite, and those who have had any acquaintance with the works of that composer know well that they are not easy to read.

Princess Christian is an enthusiastic musician, and is noted for the great taste she displays, both in pianoforte playing and singing.

Countess Valda Gleichen is by far the best amateur singer we have, and is always in great demand at charity concerts.

Among other noted amateur singers are Princess Henry of Pless, the Duchess of Westminster, and Lady Dudley.

Of amateur pianists I should say that Mrs. George Cornwallis-West is one of our very best. She may be described as a good all-round musician, and often plays in duets for two pianos with Miss Janotha at charity concerts. Her technique is excellent, and she makes the pianoforte sing under her touch. Having made a study of the art of accompanying, she never drowns the voice, and always knows when to give the necessary help to make any phrase effective. She does not care for the ordinary ballad, but prefers songs of a more classical type. Mrs. Cornwallis-West plays upon a Steinway grand, and her drawing room is one of the most artistic in London. There are photographs of celebrities all around. I noticed two of Lord Randolph Churchill, one of Mr. Winston Churchill in khaki, two of Queen Alexandra (one signed February, 1901), one large picture of the King, and two charming photographs of the two Orleans princesses, Henriette and Helene.

To complete the trio of the very best amateur pianists, I must mention Mrs. Leslie and Mrs. Reginald Talbot, whose playing is equal, if not superior, to that of many professionals. John Oliver Hobbes is also a fine pianist.

How is it that so few amateurs play the organ? In these days the exertion of playing a modern organ is not any more than that of playing the pianoforte. Pneumatic action is introduced into all the new instruments, and blowing is done by water or electric power. There is not the slightest doubt that it is a most fascinating instrument to play, and that it can give infinite pleasure both to the performer and listener. I know a few ladies who are good organists, and who occasionally play at their churches on Sunday. They are the Marchioness of Zetland, Lady Hilda Clements, Lady Gerard and the Hon. Victoria Grosvenor.

Miss Gertrude Smith (daughter of Sir Thomas Smith, the eminent surgeon) is another very able organist, and is capable of playing a good choral service. In fact, she occasionally assists at St. Thomas Church, Portman Sqare, W., where there is a very fine organ recently erected by Walker, organ builder to the King, at a cost of £1,500.

Musical composition has always been a most fascinating subject for all who dabble in the art. I know several amateurs who pick out tunes on the pianoforte and get a professional to write them down and harmonize them. The compositions thus produced are published (at the composer's expense) and sent round to friends and relations for approval. The composer is hailed as a budding Sullivan and congratulations are showered upon him.

Now, it is quite possible for an amateur to produce pleasing little ditties without the aid of a reviser provided he or she will only take the trouble to study a little harmony; but to compose an original song or pianoforte piece requires something more than mere technical knowledge. Originality cannot be learned like geography or French verbs; it is a gift which only few possess. Even among our professional musicians the original composers can be counted upon one hand.

Sir Hubert Parry, who possesses great originality as a composer, was at one time an amateur, and when at Eton passed the examination for the degree of Mus. Bac. at Oxford. He did not make music his profession until he left the university.

Among amateur composers none are so well known as Lady Arthur Hill and Lord Henry Somerset. Their songs have become extremely popular not only in this country, but in the colonies. Lady Arthur Hill's best-known songs are "In the Gloaming" and "Time Was." Lord Henry Somerset has also written many anthems. His setting of "There Is a Green Hill" is one of the best I have heard.

Veiled Women of Malta.

The women of Malta, of the Basque provinces and the Portuguese women of Hongkong and Macao are not in the slightest degree restricted in their daily lives—that is, they may go out and about as they please—still they wear a curious sort of hood, with voluminous folds that are brought over to cover the lower part of the face when strange men are about.

The custom of wearing the faldetta in Malta is comparatively recent, and its origin shrouded in no mystery. A century or more ago, when Napoleon and his reckless soldiers landed on the island, the beautiful women fell easy victims to the wiles of the soldiery. The priests expostulated in vain, and finally ordered that no woman should go in the streets without her face covered by the faldetta.

The the sins of the mothers might be visited upon the daughters, the women were commanded to wear the ugly hood for 100 years. That time has passed, and only a few faldettas are now seen in the streets, and these are worn principally to church and by old women who have become wedded to the habit.

A Matrimonial Psalm.

Tell me not in idle jingle
Marriage is an empty dream,
For the girl is dead that's single,
And things are not as they seem.

Life is real, life is earnest,
Single blessedness a fib,
"Man thou art; to man returneth,"
Hath not been spoken of the rib.

Not enjoyment and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way,
But to act that each tomorrow
Finds us nearer marriage day.

Life is short and youth is fleeting,
And our hearts, though light and gay,
Still like pleasant dreams are beating
Wedding marches all the way.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle,
Be a heroine and a wife.

Lives of married folks remind us
We can make our lives as well,
And, departing, leave behind us
Such examples as shall "tell";

Such examples that another,
Wasting life in idle sport,
A forlorn unmarried brother,
Seeing, shall take heart and court.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart on triumph set,
Still contriving, still pursuing,
And each one a husband get.

—From the Outburst, Spokane, Wash.

TWO MODELS BY AMY LINKER.

AN EXTRAVAGANT EMPRESS.

Josephine Could Not Have Dressed on $300 a Year.

It is a rare privilege to be allowed to peep at the mysteries of an Empress' toilet, to ransack her wardrobes with their treasures of costly gowns, to open her jewel cases and to gloat over gems that would purchase many a king's ransom; but when this Empress is the most luxurious and picturesque woman of an extravagant age, the temptation is too strong to resist, says the "Golden Penny." Such an Empress was Josephine, in turn the spoiled darling and outcast wife of Napoleon I, whose star filled the social heaven of Europe for five years. Josephine was more than forty years old, and had already exhausted all the arts of luxury, when she was crowned Empress in 1804. Her first beauty had long left her, and, it is said, she had practiced the fatal and fashionable art of enameling until the enamel would no longer retain its hold on her skin, but cracked and covered her with a constant layer of white powder.

Napoleon, however, was as partial to enamel as he was averse to scents, and Josephine was obliged to persist in a habit which no longer aided her charms, but more rapidly impaired them.

Josephine devoted almost half her waking life to her toilet, and the company of her waiting women.

At 8 o'clock a cup of coffee or of lemonade was brought to her as she lay in bed; and an hour later she would rise and enter her boudoir to undergo the long processes of being made beautiful for the day. To her waiting women, M. Masson says, she was always courteous, while maintaining the dignity due to her position; and if one of them dared to pass the limits of respectful intercourse, Josephine punished her by not speaking to her for a period, varying with the degree of the offence, from one to nine days.

Josephine's bathing appliances were as costly as they were numerous. Her bath was of solid silver, the very boilers in which the water was made hot were silver also, and she had an array of silver bowls and basins of all kinds of the most exquisite workmanship. After her bath the Empress had to undergo the process of massaging the wrinkles, making the skin soft and smooth, enameling, and rouging; and had to spend hours daily under the hands of her pedicure, manicure, and hairdressers. On rouge alone Josephine spent considerably over £60 a year, and her pedicure, a German Jew called Tobias Cohen, was a personage in gorgeous uniform, who had the income of a minister of state.

Josephine's wardrobe was of European fame, even in days of lavish dressing. She had 500 complete changes of linen, and made three changes a day. For lace-edging she paid from 12s. for the simplest, to £4 a yard for Valenciennes and the Malines; and her embroideries cost from 25s. to £8 a yard.

She had 158 pairs of white silk stockings, thirty-two of rose, and eighteen of flesh-colored silk; and in a single year she ordered 520 pairs of costly slippers, of taffeta, colored satin, or satin.

In summer Josephine's gowns were of batiste, muslin, and percale; and in winter, of rich velvets and stuffs. Of summer dresses she never had less than 200, ranging in cost from £20 to £50, according to the trimmings; and at the last inventory of her wardrobe there were thirty-three winter dresses, in addition to countless dresses for hunting and other purposes.

Of all the toilet processes Josephine attached by far the greatest importance to the dressing of her hair, on which her beauty (such as was left of it) so largely depended.

For ordinary occasions her hairdresser was a M. Herbeault, "a magnificent creature in an embroidered costume, with a sword at his side;" but for any important occasion M. Duplan, the most consummate artist in the world, was called in. M. Duplan's salary for these occasional services was 20,000 francs a year, increased later by Napoleon to 42,000 francs. These two unrivaled artists designed for Josephine's benefit no less than 1,000 new methods of hairdressing, each adapted to the special circumstances in which it was worn.

Much as Josephine loved her hundreds of costly dresses, she loved her jewelry more, and was never happy unless she was adding almost daily to her treasures. In a few short months she spent half a million francs on jewels; and her happiest hours at Malmaison were spent in spreading out her thousands of gems on the table before her, and gloating over their dazzling charms.

Her extravagance was the cause of many tears and much upbraiding from Napoleon, who grew tired of paying bills, many of them reaching almost a million francs. But in the end he usually succumbed to her pleading and penitence, and would say to her, "Come, Josephine! Come, my little one. Console yourself: I will make it all right." Poor, silly Josephine! Poor Napoleon!

Will of the Late Emperor.

A writer in "Modern Society" says: "Having read in the English papers how generously the late Empress Frederick remembered in her will those persons in her service, I should like to state the absolute facts. Her Imperial Majesty bequeathed to her head tire-women—two Englishwomen who had been in her confidential service over a quarter of a century—the sums of £50 and £25, respectively. She, moreover, remembered with a similar small amount her English gardeners in Cronberg.

"All the other persons in her Majesty's service—the coachman who always drove her, the confidential Kammer-Diener who had been for years in her and the Emperor's service, those faithful servants who for months had lifted her in and out of bed, in and out of her carriage—these have not had a pfennig left them, not even enough to buy their mourning. Those of the late Empress' dependents who are in black at all—and they, for obvious reasons, are very few—are wearing the mourning they had for the Emperor Frederick. Of course, most of them will receive a pension, but that comes from the State, and many would have been glad to receive a small souvenir—not necessarily money—in recognition of their long years of service."

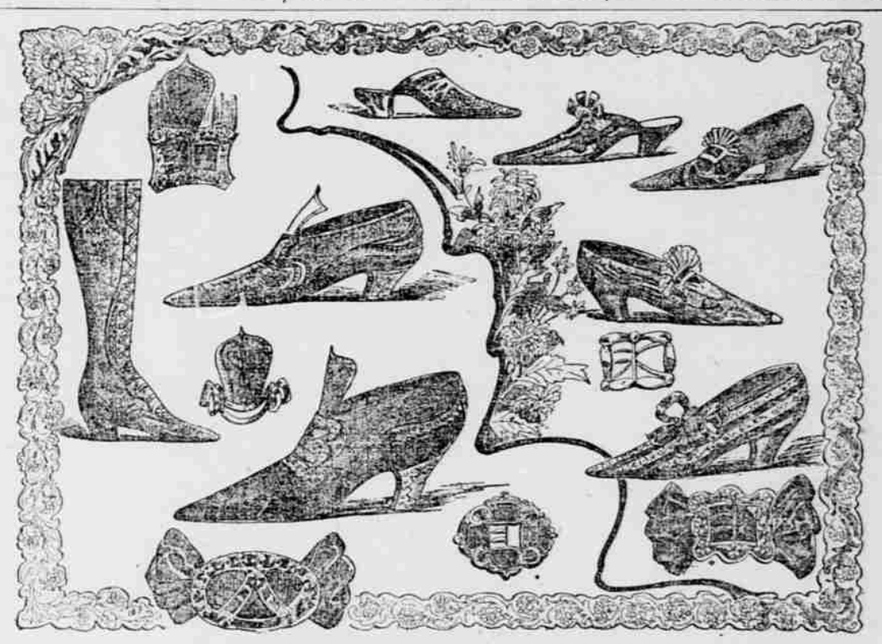
HISTRIONIC TRAINING.

Sarah Bernhardt Knows All About the Subject.

Madam Sarah Bernhardt is coming forward as a reformer of the methods of official histrionic training. Herself an old pupil of the Conservatoire, where she obtained a second prize for comedy in the Provost Class of 1862, she reverences that famous institution, despite the criticism directed against it of recent years. "It is," she writes in a foreign theatrical paper, "an institution necessary for the preservation of the dramatic art; but it is ill; it is in a bad way, and must be reformed in a thorough-going manner." The terrible words written by the leading actress are: "Il est necessaire de faire un bouleversment complet au Conservatoire." Now for the reasons. In the first place, Madame Bernhardt thinks that there is excessive favoritism. Then the pupils have too much "precocious intimacy" with the public; the professors are not energetic or zealous enough, and there are too many indiscretions committed by the press in connection with the Conservatoire. The actress is especially hard on the professors, who, in her opinion, are inclined to shirk their responsible work, and to hand it over to deputies or understudies who have "no notion of art" and "no talent." This is a most terrible indictment after which the other Bernhardtesque objections are meek and mild. These refer to the indiscipline of the pupils, who come to class anyhow, if they come at all, which some of them do not, being, it appears, inclined to play truant like idle boys and girls at ordinary schools.

Peeresses in the House of Lords.

England is interested in the pretensions of certain English women, who are peeresses in their own right, and believe that they can sit in the House of Lords if they choose and help govern the Empire, says "Harper's Weekly." It is centuries since a peeress has done it, but there is to be a fancy-dress coronation in London next year, and London gossip says that certain of these self-regulating peeresses propose to go to it as members of the House of Lords, and have their trains borne by pages as the peers do.



Above are shown some new models of fancy shoes for house wear or evening wear. Some of them are of leather, cut out in pieces of various colors; others are of various historical styles.

The buckles represented with them are quite a new feature. They are infinitely varied in design, and are made of gold or silver, enriched with precious stones. Nearly all of them are worn very high up the foot.

On the left is a model of a boot to be worn when out shooting or in an automobile. It is made either of yellow leather or of drab doeskin.

A Cruel Confessor.

Pere Monsabre, the celebrated Dominican preacher, was just going to preach one day, when a lady begged to go to confession. She was worried about an affair of conscience; she felt she would like to see him, etc. After much waste of time she came to the point. She was given up to vanity. Every morning she confessed she had been in her looking glass and yielded to the temptation of thinking herself pretty.

Pere Monsabre looked at her and said quietly, "Is that all?"

"That's all."

"Well, my child," he replied, "you can go away in peace, for to make a mistake is not a sin."—M. A. P.